

196  
A NEW  
MISCELLANY.

CONTAINING THE

*Art of Conversation,*

And several other

SUBJECTS.

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By JOHN TAPERELL, a young Student,  
sometime of the University of Oxford.

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To the AUTHOR,  
Mr. JOHN TAPERELL.

S I R,

TO accept these LINES, would discharge a  
Debt & long Time due to your Merit and  
Virtue; and oblige

*Your sincere Friend,*

*And humble Servant,*

R. GRIFFIN.

Whatever Place your Golden Lines salute,  
The Soil's more fertile, and more tam'd the  
Man may be God; as much a God as can (Brute:  
Adorn Mortality, and dwell in Man.  
You've well display'd True Love, and its Decay;  
And, to Degen'rates, told a future Day.  
With Joy seraphick, now the Lover's fir'd,  
And now the Hero to the Shade's retir'd:  
You, *Tour-a-Tour*, Love's ev'ry Passion show,  
Satyr in Love, and Love in Satyr flow.  
By You, the Beau may render dear, his Mien,  
And shine, serenely, in an Heav'nly Scene:  
By You, the Fop, that thunders, swears, and lies,  
May grow a Convert, and be sweetly wise;

## To the AUTHOR.

The Talkative talk less, Chuffs milder prove,  
And all their Converse charm the Gods above ;  
Honours be purchas'd at a cheaper Rate,  
And, for our Patriots, Vacancies in State.  
You have a second Reformation penn'd ;  
And, on your Counsels, publick Joys attend.  
O, sweet ALEXIS, Mender of Mankind !  
O, sweet Companion ! Charmer of my Mind.  
Who's there, that durst pretend to be a God,  
And live a Lamb, and there you spare the Rod ?  
Who's there, that spends, what hungry Bellies crave ;  
And what their Lots are, whom their Lusts enslave :  
Who's there, that gallops on a flatt'ring Ground,  
Whom You recall not, and foretel their Wound ?  
You ope the Courtier's Hand in open Street,  
And passing Millions, Gifts, and Grandeurs, meet :  
Sure better Fortune tends our Nation now,  
When ev'ry Mouth speaks well, smooth every Brow.  
Methinks, I seem (if I immortal were)  
To Step from Earth, and top the Atmosphere.  
But why with Transports fir'd ? and why so glad ?  
ALEXIS is Below : ALEXIS sad.  
Parience ! ALEXIS ! I was told, he'd come ;  
So well observ'd, oft' ask'd, to bring you Home :  
The Infant cries, and headlong runs the Dame,  
Hush, Dear ! Dear, hush ! thy Mammy's sweetest Name.  
Just so *Apollo* feigns to be a-sleep,  
And hides away, like Boys, at Hide and peep.





# T H E ART of Conversation.

**T**HERE can be no other *Art of Conversation*, than in laying down those Things which are to be avoided. This Art *Horace* had from his Father to become a right Oeconomist; and *Tully* wrote to his Son at *Athens*, the Manner of becoming an excellent Orator. 'Tis as impossible to write any other Method, as to make a marble Statue of a moving Man. A Conversant cannot be confin'd to certain Words, Gestures, and Actions, they being abundantly more numerous, (if not innumerable) than the various Lineaments of Faces; because a Tone and Mode, and their Adherents, center differently in every Person, which Things are naturally out of the Power of any one or more Writers, to alter, and make conformable to their Notions. I don't deny, but *Fencing* and *Dancing* may impart a small Decorum, and improve the Motion of the Body; but too frequently these *Fencing* and *Dancing* Gentlemen elope from their Rules to an extravagant Behaviour and Noise. What a Folly is it then to set Bounds to *Conversation*, which is in  
B
itself

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itself boundless? and if you artificially bind it, like an impetuous Torrent, it will have its way.

To direct Words and Arguments to every One's peculiar Talk, is to know every One's peculiar Gift and Excellency; his private Engagements and publick Entertainments. I therefore shall pen what in general will prove beneficial.

A MAN that would adapt himself for every Conversation, should travel much at Home, but more Abroad. A Native Place always affords the same Houses, Hedges, Faces, and always the Song of a *Cuckoo*: But the Majority of us, being excluded from the Felicity of Travelling, are obliged (if we will Converse at all) to credit the Writings of a few Travellers, and the Entities and Quiddities of Philosophers. The Obstinacy of some Disputants ought to be catechiz'd in this Topic, when an Author is call'd as an Evidence, not to affirm too much the Truth of his Testimony. In some Authors the *Time* is falsely calculated; Princes, Statesmen, and Generals maliciously accus'd; the Accusation proceeding from the Partiality of the Times, or the Spleen of the Author. In others, an Island, for the Sake of Pence superfluously circumscrib'd; and if it is the Fate of some, and the Pleasure of others, to tread on Foreign Ground, they'll unite the Reality of the Thing to my Assertion. They fructify a barren, and render barren a very luxurious Soil; and, if you will believe them, they'll tell you the Tree whereon *Judas* hung himself, and more than the Natives know themselves, or ever saw in their own Country. But the less you have of Books, the more you may make amends with your Manners; for as an ill Word and a mischievous Hand are the Banes of Friendship, so a mannerly Mouth and a quiet Hand are the Pillars thereof. If any one then would aim at a laudable Conversation, he should never pride himself in, nor study those Dung-  
hill-

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hill-Qualities; such as to take a Glory in viewing his own Apparel, his Leg, and Face, his Perfumes, and think every one in love with him, that see or smell to him: Taverns, Coffee-Houses, and Ordinaries are full of such Pedants. Nor are they exempt from others, who love to hear themselves talk, and stately pronounce their Words, when Men of better Intellects have much ado, like poor *Demosthenes* before King *Philip* and the *Macedonians*, to utter their Mind; the former, because of formal airy Tatlers; and *Demosthenes*, because of *Æschine's* loud Voice and Behaviour. There the Idiot is deem'd the Oracle, and the silent Oracle an Idiot. There likewise you may hear with what Grace and Pleasure they bring out an Oath! with what exorbitant Pride they boast of their Whoredoms, Cheats, Drunkenness, and *French* Surfeits! To be stil'd Cavaliers, or resolute brave Men, they care not what Mischief they do; whom they quarrel with, kill, or stab. Such was *Pausanias*, who kill'd *Philip* of *Macedon*, only for Fame and Vain-glory: So did *Herostratus* burn the Temple of *Diana*, to get him an eternal Vain-glory. He is a brave Man, (say they) he kill'd such a one; as if *Cain* should be counted a fine Man, for killing his Brother *Abel*. St. *Paul* says, *None ought to glory, but in the Cross of our Lord JESUS CHRIST*. On the contrary, they are so fantastically mad, with *Catiline* and the *Gracchi*, rather to commend than repent of their Impieties.

ANOTHER Sort there is of them, but less cruel than the former: They will only, if you don't ask them, (says the Poet) like true arrant Fops, praise themselves, and repeat their Performances. Besides these Vices and Follies, 'tis a vicious Custom grown in Conversation, to contend about Words and *Ety-mologies*; which is like the Conflict in *Rome*, between the *Augustine* Fryars and the regular Canons; Whe-



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ther *Augustine* wore a black Weed upon a white Coat, or a white Weed upon a black Coat. *Geometricians* are Examples of the same Folly, who square-about Points and Lines; this Point is too short, this too long; this Figure too much affected, this Line runs not smooth. These two Words *Ex* and *Per* (as *Cornelius Agrippa* hath observed) held the *Greek* and *Latin* Churches Play many Years together. They debated whether the HOLY GHOST proceeded of the FATHER and the SON, or not of the SON, but of the FATHER, by the SON. Our Divines now a Days, tho' they retain many Contentions of the old Church, have found out a great many new ones of their own. They argue about Standing or Sitting, about Forms and Substances. They argue, *An ater sit contrarius albo*, whether it is best to wear a white Surplus or a black Gown in Ministering the *Sacrament*. By these Instances you may see, how absurd it is to contend about Trifles and puerile Toys. Contention searcheth out the Truth, but since there is but one Truth for all Things, it serves for an honourable Companion, on honourable Occasions, with honourable Persons. Forcible Arguments of the Resemblance of Truth in natural and supernatural Things may be given on the contrary Side, but they cease to be commendable, unless for Disputation sake. If you are vers'd in this Contention well, *a fice* for the Sophister and Critick, whose Subtilty I refer you to in the Sequel to this Art; how famous and full of valid Arguments are the Writings of *South*, in whose Works a Spirit is continued, and preserved, as the Creation is by the *Spiritus Mundi*, which as Writers are of Opinion, makes up the Soul of a Brute? 'Twas said of the Reverend Divine that his Learning and Eloquence never wanted a full Audience, and those of the most learned, when he preach'd before the University of *Oxford*. Not less famous



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famous are the Sermons of the late Bishop *Blackball* on the Beatitudes: To omit the ingenious Performances of *Tillotson*, *Sherlock*, *Taylor*, &c.

To the Attainment of this Art, Tautology, Circumlocution, affected Words and Sentences are to be avoided; for they ridicule a Man most, and nothing more destroys the Marrow of natural Sense. Nothing's to be remember'd but Bombast. But if these appear in them, (as they will frequently appear in the best) whose Genius's are forward and inviting, but their *Mecenas's* close-fisted and unwilling, it is a Pity. It is a Pity but the Scale of their Fortune should turn, when their Ideas would be separated, and they be more agreeable and beneficial for the Republick. Every Science shall have its Dividend, and the Plenitude of Sense flow in every Sentence. Pretenders soon discover themselves with their Scraps of *Latin*, select hard Words and Sentences. If you turn and oppose them, they stand still, or, like a *Crocodile*, are a long time before they turn about. Again, not to introduce any Subject of your own, and to talk as little of yourself as you can, is a Specimen of a most excellent Skill; for while you endeavour to render yourself over-pleasing in Conversation, you grow ceremonious and a vain Babler; and at the latter End of the Discourse, it may be ask'd, Where the Conceit lies. Heavens! say they, What is this to the Purpose! This is as much wide, as *White-Chappel* from *Westminster-Hall*: I'll add, that such a one hath only read to-day.

To whisper among many, is a Fault; and to eat after eating, the Life of a Neighbour, base and inhuman. St. *Augustine*, to banish this Vice from his House, order'd this Distich to be set up in his Dining-Room.

*Whoso degradeth my Friend absent,  
At my Table shall be no more present.*

THE

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THE two worst preposterous Methods (as they commonly prove) are the Extreams; a prodigal Liberality, and an extream Reservedness of Temper. The first is so open-breasted, that his Heart is like a Sieve, which keeps nothing in, which it lets not out instantly by the Mouth. The profuse and liberal sting themselves with their own Poison, and put the Necks of their Friends in the Halter: They flatter themselves, by telling so many extravagant Tales, that they hook in the Heart, and challenge the good Word of every Companion: Their airy Flights reach the Moon, then down again to the Earth; now in a Grove, then in a Garden: So, rash and unseasonable from the Head to the Heel of their *Conversation*. There is not a Jot difference, in my Opinion, between them and those of effeminate Dispositions, who get by heart the slightest Compliments, like Women, to be deem'd the Goddesses of Memory. As for the Reserv'd, they are either Fools, or banish'd *Fryars*, or else they out-wit you all; they stir so little, and speak so seldom, that they seem to be in a continual Solstice: Beware of them, as deep Rivers are most silent, so they are mischievously too modest.

THE Knowledge of Persons and Places is another commendable Quality: In this Sort you are able to characterize any Person or Thing; nor are you unacquainted with the Heroes of one more than of another Country. Situations of Cities, Towns, and their Adjacencies; Harbours, Rivers, Fountains, and Distances of Places so furnishing your Mind, that you can define the Truth of any Thing uncertainly or accidentally spoken. On these, and such as these depend a good Speech; the Regiment of well-doing, with an abundance of Mirth and Delight. The last Thing I recommend is a Fable, or a little Lie, which is like Quicksilver in the corner of a Dice, or Saffron in Milk, runs our Minds about merrily, and

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and heartens the Society: Without this Mixture, all would conclude with Stupidity. The Terms are, telling Truth with an ill Grace, or verifying a Romance with a smiling Countenance. The Effigies, for Example, of a beautiful Lady, being drawn by a Limner of no Person or Presence, it being ask'd by a Stander-bye, Who was the Painter? I was; he answers: I cannot believe it in all Sincerity; 'cause 'tis a thousand times more beautiful than yourself. Observe: In this he meddled not with the interior Parts, the interior Parts only to be respected. So I end with this Caution, That every one be accidentally admir'd, and throughout the Series of his Discourse, follow the Theme, but variously under one Head, not confounding Philosophy by Divinity, or the like.

### *The Sequel in Praise of CONVERSATION.*

CONVERSATION generally considered, is the improvement of Manners, and the loos'ning of the Tongue, that by the interval Speeches of a Society, some Beauties are spoken unawares, which can't be invented by a Student in his private Apartment. One is apt to struggle for the Conquest, so in process of time have an adæquate Genius in every Subject. A Confirmation of an Argument is somewhat pretty when Historical. It may be probable Truth, tho' his Understanding alone certifies or defines it, but the Humours of some are not satisfied unless the same hath been experimented, or they are Eye-witnesses, or is experimented again: And another Man contrarily who hath but a simple Faculty of repeating what he reads, may be led out of the Truth by deceitful Sophisters, tho' he seems to vindicate his Religion by Scriptural Reason, or any other Subject, with honest Arguments, by their fallacious Syllogisms, will be made to believe



lieve the wrong. As for Instance, the Effect (says he) is not known by the Quality of the Cause; if so, then the Son would be like the Father, but the Father's wise and the Son foolish. *Ergo*, Here distinguish between the Essence and the Accidents, the Son as to the form of his Father is one and the same, but their Parts may differ, which do not, nor cannot, for that Reason, make one not like the other. There are too many who spread abroad their Enthusiasms, and Heterodox Notions. Too many ridicule the Scriptures, too many the Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles. Too much Havock hath *Woolston* made with his blasphemous Discourses. It is absolutely necessary, if they happen in Company, and purposely insinuate their diabolical Notions, that they should be hiss'd out, or aw'd to better. The Agreeableness of Conversation, as I said before, for the most part, lies in the merry, Mæanders and Turns of Wit; and such a Man as this pleases the Ladies of Quality best. They are no longer pleas'd than when he is putting his Wits on the Tenterhooks, or acting the part of *Merry-Andrew*. To him they'll Sacrifice their Fortunes, and over-canopy him with a Petticoat-shade of Defence. This excessive fondness of theirs, o'er those Humorists, springs from their native vein of Gaiety. Take notice, if you are honour'd at any time with their best Company, how wonderfully they gather in the Images of Objects, and how prettily they speak on 'em; in-somuch that their Fancies can produce newer Rarities than any Traveller ever saw in the *Indies*. If it is granted therefore, that no one is their Competitor in first Thoughts, they evidently steal the Second; but happy is that Man who can use the Conversation of Men and Women with Discretion.

TRUE



True Love and its Antagonists ;

*the COURTIER and the MISER, &c.*



RISE, 'tis wond'rous all ! up from thy Sleep,  
And hurl thy long Misfortunes to the Deep ;  
There let them be interr'd in liquid Graves,  
No more rebelling, with rebellious Waves ;  
Let e'en the Shadow of a Woe be hurl'd  
To Sins, and Sorrows, of the former World

Thanks to the Great *Jehovah* of my Lays ;  
Thanks to you, Sirs, Subscribers, worthy Praise.  
I'll Sing the Empire of an Human Mind,  
The fordid Miser, and the God-like kind.

Whilst in the Lux'ry of a beauteous Soil  
The Brutal young Ones ripen for the Spoil,  
An Human Offspring's only made to rule,  
And take Instructions in a sacred School.  
All Passions reign in Man, Love, Hatred, Fear,  
Hope, Envy, Anger, Jealousy, Despair :  
No Brutes these Qualities, no speaking Tongues  
To them ; nor Thoughts tenacious of their Wrongs.  
Know thyself, Man, and know thy Neighbour's Woes,  
Thou freely hadst, and freely, Gifts dispose :  
The Gentile Nations others wants supply'd,  
And what one had, another wan't deny'd.  
*Plato* was nothing but immortal Love ;  
Christ's Life was Love on Earth, Christ's Life is Love above.  
So much of Friendship, *Aristotle* penn'd,  
Which he had not, had he not been a Friend.  
Between his Royal Arms, up to his Throne,  
A Soldier frozen with the Frigid Zone  
Great *Alexander* bore, warm'd him, and gave  
With his own hands, to keep him from the Grave.

C

Love

Love is the Soul, on which the World depends ;  
 Love maintains Commerce, and enricheth Friends.  
 Love sympathizeth with a Friend's Distress,  
 Bears half the Burden of Unhappiness :  
 Nothing can rattle him, who truly loves,  
 He reverts Hatred, and his Foe approves ;  
 A loving Man, his wealthy Stores bestows,  
 So much on Others, as on those he knows.  
 Wisdom in Love, and Love, in Wisdom meets ;  
 'That noble Love can fill ten thousand Sheets.  
 Cross'd in ten thousand Things, it shines the same ;  
 Tho' many false loves counterfeit its Name.  
 Some Love a while, and then they weary grow ;  
 Others their love confine, and hate a Foe.  
 Gay Humours, Fancies are, by Men, belov'd ;  
 But these are Cousins, several times, remov'd.  
 Love makes a Man a God, divines his Will,  
 Exempt from Tumults, and from ev'ry Ill.  
 Love is the universal Chain that ties  
 'The Great with Little, Foolish with the Wise.  
 How can the King without his Counsel act ?  
 Or, how can Great Men well a Second lack ?  
 Subjects make Kings, and Servants Lords create ;  
 And, who can take Delight, without his Mate.  
 The Elements shew, Love yet Foes and Fears  
 Will set the Winds and Waters by the Ears.  
 No Danger can the loving Man affright,  
 No Rogue Assassin, him disturb, by Night.  
 Goodness, and Beauty, sit on love's each side,  
 The first brings Peace, Peace to the last deny'd.  
 What Man is Rich, and will not spare his Pelf ?  
 Nor love his Neighbour, as he loves himself ?  
 All Times, all Persons, curse the Niggard's Hand ;  
 For, oft he sees a Funeral of his Land.  
 Non-payments, Quarrels, put the Law in force ;  
 And Gen'rous Lawyers, plead away his Purse.

How

How generous is the Sun, with Heat, and Light ?  
 He clothes the Air, and makes all Nature bright.  
 How generous is the Sea, with Pearls, and Fish,  
 And here on Earth we've every thing we wish ?  
 He only found them first, they a'n't his own,  
 How durst he keep them for himself alone ?  
 Why doth he see his Wealth lie idle by,  
 For want of which, Ten thousand starve and die ?  
 Of all the Garter'd, Glittering Stars at Court,  
 Bury'd in Banquets, and in Midnight Sport ;  
 Of all the Fair, with Silks, and Velvets, dress'd ;  
 Of all the *Sirens*, with Enchantments bless'd ;  
 Of all blood-sucking Mammonists, that please,  
 Young Rakes, with Rattles, and indulge their Ease,  
 (By vicious Ease undone, they fly to Wars,  
 Or plow the Seas, or calculate the Stars)  
 Tell me, how many with the Wisemen bring  
 Their Pray'rs and Presents welcome to their King ?  
 So many tell, as live, when *Sol* hath past  
 Ten times ten times o're Sulph'rous Dogs, in haste.  
 Few live, I own, by Courtiers grand Attire ;  
 But more wou'd live, wou'd they to less aspire.  
 They reign like Gods, whom Worms bespeak for Prey,  
 Forgetting Judgment, and their Mother-Clay ;  
 We count them mad, or God Almighty's Fools,  
 Who erect Churches, or found pious Schools.  
 Churls love Religion cheap, and sooner spare  
 Pounds to build Prisons, than an House of Prayer.  
 'Mongst all the Pains ye take, with Heads, and Hands,  
 And to large Kingdoms, swell your little Lands,  
 How Happ'er ye than Swains, who spare their Brutes  
 To fatten you, and feed themselves on Roots.  
 As Wolves, the Lambs for love of Prey pursue  
 As Snakes eat Toads, Toads Snails, and Snails the Dew ;  
 So are, the sev'ral Ranks of Human-kind  
 To eat each other, barb'rously inclin'd.



The Merchant's trust, and fine Words swallow down  
 The Gentleman ; the Gentleman, the Clown.  
 Criticks, on Scholars ; Scholars feed on Books,  
 A Tradesman rich, a Tradesman poor, o'relooks :  
 A R---gue, a Wh---re, foul Word, or little Blow,  
 Fuel the Common, and the Sp'ritual Law.  
 As Crocodiles, no sooner hatch'd, but fight ;  
 So Infants quarrel, when they walk upright.  
 Ye Courtly Fair, ye nightly-painted foul ;  
 Let not your swelling Ills sink to your Soul,  
 Your Morn-bright Chrystal Countenance shall fail,  
 And your Teeth-hollow, House the shelly Snail :  
 For Orient Teeth, Toads with their Pearls, shall creep  
 Into their Places, and Possession keep.  
 In your Eye-jelly, shall their young Ones breed,  
 And from your Marrow, pois'nous Snakes proceed,  
 Maugre, lest you, like those inrent on Stars,  
 Fall in a Ditch, and on yourself bring Wars.  
 Prudence, and Love, as Guides I recommend,  
 So take this humble Caveat from your Friend.



### *The Parent, or Choice of Pedigree.*

SINCE almost all would change, or chuse a Life,  
 Some would be single, some would have a Wife ;  
 I'll once presume, suppose the Pow'r in me,  
 To chuse a Father of a Family ;  
 From tyrannizing Blood, that swells the Vein,  
 And torments Nobles with tormenting Pain ;  
 Who would, with *Bias*, whirl their Wealth away,  
 Cou'd they, like *Tit'rus*, sing, and spend the Day :  
 From such, What Issue'd be, where frothy Streams  
 Infect the Infant, and disturb its Dreams ?

Shall



Shall Nobles then, or wealthy Sirs, that run  
 To fetch home Treasures from an hotter Sun ;  
 Or braver Men of War begin my Race ?  
 Some new Invention shall my Founder grace ;  
 Which still preserv'd along, till Time, and Thought  
 This new Invention to Perfection brought.

Where's now my *Coat*?—This for the *Motto* please,  
*Si plures Artes, plures Homines.*

I view, with no less Wonder and Delight,  
 Succeeding Sons, for other Deeds, as bright ;  
 For, as their Fathers got, so they preserve,  
 Yet rack not Tenants, nor the Lab'ers starve ;  
 Honour, and Conscience to the Sons, descend,  
 Honour and Conscience every Step attend ;  
 None fall to make them Great, no Tow'rs they rear  
 On vile Oppression, and the Orphan's Tear.  
 Tile upon Tile is laid, and Stone on Stone,  
 And deadly Vices lurk 'tween ev'ry one.  
 Vices, like Powder, catch at Vengeance' Fire,  
 Blow all to Atoms, and in Flames expire :  
 Who brands my Choice, where Love of Mankind reigns,  
 And former Virtue fills the Issue's Veins ?  
 Among the Rest, the Man that gave me Breath,  
 To act beneath his Word, wou'd think it Death.  
 He much among the common Names appears,  
 And hath more Honour, than an Honour wears.  
 Had Stings of Foes, and Threats of Wants controul'd  
 His private generous Soul, I had not sold  
 Books by Subscription thus : — Eut, to return,  
 To chuse a Parent, from whom I'd be born ;  
 He should be wise, free, bold, and literate,  
 Fit for the Peasant, and the Potentate ;  
 Select a Temper adæquate to his,  
 And oft' converse, so sweet such Converse is ;  
 No luke-warm Friend to those that ask his Aid,  
 Compose Contentions, and see none betray'd :

Not

Not too reserv'd, too free, too hot, too cold,  
 Not strictly Pious, nor prophanely Bold.  
 Well in the World to pass, skill'd in some Art,  
 But all that Profit, gen'rously impart;  
 Let it be Physick, for Physicians can  
 Amend our Nature, and prolong our Span.  
 To needy Sickmen, and to those not well,  
 Who by an envious World and Fortune sell,  
*Gratis* should be his Pains, no Pounds desir'd,  
 For Pills or Purges, or what's else requir'd  
 To perfect Health again: Good in his Way  
 To those who went unwillingly astray:  
 Fond of his Spouse, but awful to a Child,  
 And at a Servant's Indiscretion mild;  
 If she is rude, dismiss; if weak, be kind,  
 And let his Love manure her barren Mind;  
 'Tis Charity: In Time she may become  
 A skillful Mistress of a little Home.  
 Let his whole House be by MESSIAH fed,  
 As oft' as is the Heav'nly Table spread;  
 There let them come \* *prepar'd*, there only dine  
 On the Divinity of *Bread* and *Wine*.

Let *classick* Converse, and sweet *classick* Noise  
 Of crowded Schools (for such delight the Boys,)  
 Employ the Eldest of his Male, if strong  
 In Mind and Body; but if not, the Young:  
 I scan the Reason thus; Fortune may frown,  
 Kings become Beggars, and a King, the Clown:  
 He bears with Strength the Weight of ev'ry Want,  
 Knows how to meet a flatt'ring Sycophant.

This

\* By Preparedness is not meant a Crowd of Duties, but only Confession, Repentance, and a Resolution to avoid Sin. 'Tis pity so many thousand Protestant Families should go out of the World without this Blessing: Their Plea is, *they are not prepar'd*, and the Ministers plead, they preach, so between two stools down falls the Devil.

This Knowledge comes from publick Lit'rature :  
 What Crime, what Folly's in the World mature,  
 Which they don't mimick, or commit the Fact ?  
 They sometimes Knaves, and sometimes Fools, they act ;  
 An Oath, a Lie, a cunning Stratagem,  
 With Informations, common are with them ;  
 But Boys that love their Books will sequestrate,  
 Yet, to know Men, will act the Things they hate :  
 Fine Stories, Words and Names, affect their Ear,  
 Which yet they know not, but they Sense revere ;  
 Ripen'd to Manhood from their watchful Youth,  
 Excel th' Example, and their Master both.  
 From whom the Mother of those Children sprung,  
 If she's all Woman, save a Woman's Tongue,  
 It matters not : A Woman's but a C - - se ;  
 If something better ; what, if something worse ?  
 Unless the Woman doth the Man trepan,  
 Woman for Man, was made, not for the Woman, Man :  
 Man stedfast was, ne'er thought to disobey,  
 'Till tempting she did tempt his Heart away.  
 A Woman's but a Chance for Matrimony ;  
 For sometimes she proves Gall, and sometimes Honey.  
 I'd have his Spouse, and those from whence she came,  
 Free from Ill-nature and reproachful Shame ;  
 And, Heav'n's ! this is enough ; whate'er hath more  
 Is plagu'd, like Misers, with the richer Stone :  
 Fares, if you please, a Spouse, I don't care who,  
 If she be not *Turk*, *Infidel*, or *Jew*.  
 This I should well approve—When Table's done,  
 On ev'ry Seventh, and a Summer's Sun,  
 He'd to his rich and spacious Garden walk,  
 And Tittle-Tattle with his Children talk ;  
 Telling the Names and Lives of ev'ry Flow'r,  
 Of Fruits and Plants, their Virtue and their Pow'r :  
 These dress a Fancy well, and well display'd,  
 Will blossom forth, as Infancy decay'd ;

From



From thence with them to Ev'ning Sacrifice ;  
 There joy to hear their treble Voices rise  
 Aloft in Air, to their Redeemer's Praise.  
 From Divine Service to a neighb'ring Field,  
 Or neighb'ring Groves, that sev'ral Wildings yield :  
 There, lovely to behold, Behold the Fair,  
 With their sweet Guardians, walking Pair by Pair :  
*Florus* finds Wine, *Damon* a silver Cup,  
 Sugar the Fair, on Syllabub to sup.  
 C---s'd is the Man, who by himself walks out ;  
 We toy by Turns, and hand our Loves about ;  
 " But see, on yonder Hill the Shade extends,  
 " And curling Smoak from Cottages ascends ;  
 Home with your Children now, and let them say  
 The Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Lessons for the Day.

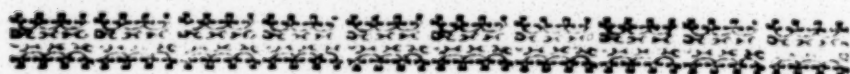
POSTSCRIPT.

**Y**E Rural Sirs ; if Heav'n hath Sons bestow'd,  
 And your Sons are to see the World abroad ;  
 Tell 'em themselves, and their Original ;  
 How CHRIST redeem'd, and *Adam* caus'd their Fall :  
 How ye, or others, solemn Vows have made,  
 For them, when born, by them must now be paid ;  
 Their Virtue now must fight the King of Hell,  
 His Snares deceitful, and his Charms repel ;  
 He, Sov'reign of the Earth, and Prince of Air,  
 A Line of Battle forms ; (but persevere ;)  
 Virtue shall rout th'embattl'd Host of Ills,  
 And shine with Blessings, such as Heav'n distils :  
 The World's vain Pomp, and momentary Mirth,  
 Shall take their Heels, with him that gave them Birth ;  
 Their Flesh, no less their Enemy withstand,  
 And rule their several Passions at command.  
 Now ev'ry Ill combines to marr the Child,  
 By ev'ry Passion woo'd to be beguil'd :



So when a Ship is got where Rivers meet,  
 And bowing Surges, rising Surges greet;  
 They tofs her too and fro, from Side to Side,  
 To sink her down; but soon she finds the Tide:  
 Our Passions 'o, (such Power hath Man from high,)  
 Can only tempt, but when withstood, they fly.  
 From Luxury and Sloth, proceed these Ills,  
 That our Affections bring about our Wills;  
 That Love, which always should be uppermost,  
 Is turn'd into th'Extravagance of Lust.  
 Willing is knowing-Man to be ensnar'd,  
 Fond to be honour'd, fonder to be fear'd;  
 'To Fame he gallops, by unlawful Means,  
 Forgets the End which God for Man ordains;  
 Whilst some attempt, (Heav'ns bless th'increasing Load)  
 To have the Greatness of a little God;  
 Others abstemious are, th'Effect of Pride,  
 And surfeit not to keep a Shape, and Side;  
 When they walk out, they safe their Pocket lock  
 (Cautious to touch their Clothes) from poorer Fo'ke;  
 Yet tenderly take out their Watch, and see  
 What Hour, or Minute of the Hour it be.  
 Vain Man! vain World! then let your Minds aspire  
 'To Joys refin'd, and Happiness entire.  
 Of *Solomon*, with all his Wisdom blest'd,  
 Of *Alexander*, *Cæsars*, and the rest,  
 What now remain but Names, a silent Rout,  
 And Time hath since seen sev'ral Ages out?  
 Lectures like these, should from the Father come  
 To his young Son, before he goes from Home:  
 All these, and chiefly by Example fed,  
 Will rise with him in Morn, and with him bed;  
 Where'er he goes, and when he thinks to stray,  
 These interpose, and lead another Way;  
 Or, if he falls, as ev'ry Mortal's frail,  
 The Conquest bodes that he'll the more prevail:

It is no Wonder, for the best have sin'd;  
 No wonder that our Infancy is blind:  
 Or that Fair *Helen* from her Husband stray'd,  
 Or our late *Henry* lov'd another Maid.  
 Whatever Ills have foil'd my tender Mind,  
 Whether most mortal, or less heinous Kind,  
 Witness, ye Heav'n's! I of myself withstood;  
 But Sin within me, bore me with the Flood:  
 Thrice to be pitied is the Man who loves,  
 Whose pinching Fate his Passion disapproves.



*On the Breach of Matrimony.*

OF all the Days and Hours you can bestow,  
 To walk Abroad, and visit those you know;  
 Can't you withdraw a-while, to write a Line,  
 And let one Hour of all your Time be mine?  
 Let not your sparkling Looks strange Eyes confine,  
 Nor charm their Hearts, but know your Heart is mine.  
 Your pow'ful Charms can sober Minds subdue,  
 And make Logicians call that false, that's true.  
 But why so strange, so hard, so obstinate  
 To keep yourself away, and not relate  
 One Word, nor send one Line? What have I done,  
 To get Aversion, and Affection gone?  
 Hath some malicious Villain interpos'd,  
 And said I lov'd another, and disclos'd  
 The Secrets of your Heart? Can you believe  
 These silver Lies, that I can you deceive?  
 What moves such great Disaster in your Breast?  
 Have you forgot the Love you once express'd?  
 The Sun, another Year, will bring about;  
 And O hard Heart! not answer what I wrote.

In vain shall I attempt to write again ;  
 For you've receiv'd Three Letters from your Swain,  
 And this the Fourth makes ;——  
 But you ne'er wrote to ask my Welfare here :  
 What if I'm Murther'd, Drown'd, or in Despair,  
 What's that to you, you say :——Well ! take thy Vows  
 Which consecrated thee my only Spouse.  
 Remember, when I lay confin'd in Bed,  
 How you lay by me, and the Tears you shed ;  
 You pray'd th'immortal Pow'rs, my Health restore,  
 For if your Darling dy'd, you'd be no more.  
 You wish'd Revenge from injur'd Gods above,  
 Should you inconstant to your Lover prove.  
 When Eagles cease to fly, and Fire to burn,  
 Then shall I cease to love :——Let me be Torn  
 As small as Atoms, if I am forsworn.  
 Before I left the sweet Delights of Life,  
 (For to live happy, have a Country Wife,)  
 I came to see you, so a Lover must,  
 For if a Lover proves unjust, he's curs'd :  
 If you, your Love past Repartees, deny,  
 And swear you flatter'd, 'cause I might not die,  
 I'll swear to these——sign'd with *Lucilia's* Hand  
 Your Love 'till Death, I have at my Command  
 Epistle on Epistle ; I can show  
 (The Work whereof your skillful Fingers know)  
 A Satin Waistcoat wrought with purest Gold,  
 And Beauties in't, by me not to be told.  
 What curious was of ev'ry Kind she drew ;  
 And I had more : But these her perjur'd shew.  
*Kn—ts—ford* is Witness of the Vows she made ;  
 The Common's Witness, where a-while she staid,  
 Mingling her pearly Tears, with Tears of mine,  
 And Pledges of Sincerity did join ;  
 Clasp'd in Each others Arms, we seal'd the same :  
 We Two but One, and our two Names, one Name,  
 With Kisses given o'er and o'er again.



Adieu, thou Traytor, worst of Womenkind,  
 And Worlds of Mischief with thy Love combin'd ;  
 Make me the Passport of your Ev'ning Talk  
 With whom you now converse, and where you walk.  
 Show him, my Hand ! Oh ! I have been too blame :  
 Show him how oft' I've wrote in Print your Name ;  
 Show him the rest—No more, no more, Adieu !  
 I am as easy, as you are untrue :  
 No more my Spirit Thy Companion be ;  
 No more I'll breakfast in my Thought with thee ;  
 No more your absence shall *Cantenus* vex ;  
 No more your Silence shall my Mind perplex.  
 The Summer Days, which you and I have spent  
 In Groves and Gardens, with retir'd Content ;  
 The rural Pleasures, and the sportive Games  
 That we've enjoy'd, shall now forget their Names.

With what strong Arm (as if he should be show'd  
 The Center of the Earth) *Lacertus* throw'd  
*Fortipodus*, who e'en before had seen  
 Two strong-arm'd Men his Conquer'd on the Green ;  
 I'll all forget ; and, as at *Lethe's* Deep,  
 Oblivion drink, to lull my Woes asleep.  
 No doubt you hope, as you have me despis'd,  
 To read me massacred, or advertis'd  
 For Robbery, or some enormous Crime ;  
 But I'm more good, and cautious of my Prime :  
 Howe'er, I can't but think but that you sigh,  
 And your Heart bleeds, whene'er my Rival's nigh :  
 Howe'er, farewell ! and if you Vengeance dread,  
 Begin a-dying, 'till your Crimes are dead.

D A M O N



DAMON, PERILLUS, TILL,  
FISHMONGER, and BROMO.

A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

PERILLUS, welcome home, what News from Town?  
What, War or Peace abroad; inform a Clown?

PER. 'Tis neither War nor Peace, thus Convicts live  
And yet live not, 'tween Death and a Reprieve.

DA. Much have I heard of *London*, much admir'd;  
You more can tell, 'cause you the Muse inspir'd.

PER. *London* itself a little Kingdom shows,  
And Wealth of Kingdoms into *London* flows;  
Ah! but I would that more Respects be shown  
To our own Natives, than to those unknown:  
For Foreign Tutors, Foreign Gentlemen,  
Foreign Tradesmen, please it better than  
Our True-born *Englishmen*. There's Bread for these,  
And our Seed dies whilst they their Seed encrease.

DA. Say so? My Sons I shall at Home advance  
Sooner than they learn *F—ch*, or rome to *F—ce*.  
I've often thought, as I've a large Estate  
And Money by me, at a costly Rate  
To breed my Sons, but they shall have no more  
Than was bestow'd on me. I'll them implore  
To help their Kingdom, and relieve their Poor;  
But if you please, Rhime on —

PER. Ten thousand Coaches flying in the Streets,  
Ten thousand Fancies, and ten thousand Cheats;

Streets

Streets full, full Houses, and Fields have their share,  
 And sev'ral thousands to the Parks repair ;  
 Thousand's on thousand Courts, Lanes, Allies, Yards  
 Fill'd with promiscuous Cries, which none regards.  
 At th' Hour of One, when ev'ry Creature rests,  
 Here come my Lords from Court, or Lordships Feasts,  
 Born between two, and two in Easy-Chairs,  
 Who wait so long, Hard fate ! so late their Fares.  
 Three Liv'ry Men daub'd o're with golden Lace,  
 And three with silver, March along a pace ;  
 Give way, stand by, they cry, their Flambeaus bright  
 Light Home their Lordships, and illumine Night.  
 Now, or soon after comes a Tavern Lad,  
 And calls a Coach, Coach ! till he Hoarse is made.  
 Topping, or Sleeping sound, they hear no Noise  
 Of Thund'ring drunken *Beaus*, or Tavern Boys ;  
 Whilst they who had more Sleep by Day, call, where ?  
 Damn you, you drowsy Dog, to *Grosvenor-Square*.

DA. I can't but Laugh, but here comes Neighbour TILL,  
 Who tells a *London Tale*. T. Sir, if you will.

PER. With all my Heart, T. when I was up to Town.  
 As Evidence for *Fallout*, I fell down  
 In *Covent-Garden*, and streight two Women came,  
 And hop'd no harm, and ask'd oh, fye, for shame !  
 Women so bold, said I—go where such Hours ?  
 To take a Glass, said they, and play at ——— }  
 If I mistake not, ye are common Wh—res.  
 Twice five young, pretty Gentlemen I knew  
 Have spent their Fortunes, and themselves on you ;  
 Have sicken'd here and dy'd. — You Rogue, along  
 You Country Calf. Now, wa'n't I tempted strong ?  
 By G—d, G—d—D—mn your Blood, and (God forgive)  
 I thought, that Hell would swallow them alive.

PER. Poor Man ! Sad Town ! DA. vile Jilts ! Tell  
 (Bromo's Case,  
 How, when he ask'd, what Price the *Turbot* was.

TILL.



TILL. After he'd stood at *Temple-Bar* to view  
The Heads of Traytors, what's this *Turbet*, you?

FISH. Half-piece, by rights, but Three Half-Crowns,  
(no less.

BR. Man's mad! I've bought a better one than this,  
For Nine-pence in our Town whercof I'm May'r.

FISHM. Rope hang your Mayors Neck! BR. Vobin,  
(d'y' hear?

FISHM. Liver is best for you. BR. Had I you there  
I'd put you in the St---cks, I'd tame your Tongue.

DA. Merry indeed. TILL. Sir, can you Sing a Song?

PER. I have no Voice, or if a Voice was Lorn,  
I cry'd it all away, now, of a Voice forlorn.

LA. I've often ask'd, and oftner thought, what Man  
Could happy be; If any (Sir) you can

Inform a Clown. DA. Are Kings in Joys compleat?

PER. No, tho' they are as Good, as they are Great.

DA. Are young Knights happy? PER. No, to tell the  
(Truth,

They purge away the Pleasure of their Youth.

DA. Doth this unhappy List Divines enroul?

PER. Yes; They are griev'd, for ev'ry Body's Soul.

DA. Do Lawyers share a happy Lot of Life?

PER. No; They have large Accounts, and Sheets of Strife.

DA. Or, happy those, who have a nobler Art,

I mean the Man that knows Man's ev'ry Part?

PER. No; They must answer for Experiment.

DA. Who then is happy? Who is then Content?

Not *Damon* sure, for we've no Favours giv'n

To Us, or Ours, but what we have from Heaven.

Our Ground we Till, sow Corn, but little have

'Tween one and to'ther, when our Corn we Save.

The Wretch that tantalizeth him with Gold

And fattens on the Heaps his Eyes behold,

Is he then happy? PER. No, the hungry Crowd

At the Tribunal Seat shall roar aloud.

Their

Their Groans, their Wants, their Colds they felt before,  
The Miser shall then feel, and ten times more ;  
The Vermin, Lice, strong Smells, and Beastliness,  
Which in their Life-time, did the Poor Oppress,  
Shall be transferr'd to him. DA. I hear, I know.

What can be said of Wh--res. PER. Since all allow  
Privation of Generation is a Sin

No less than Murder, Murders then have been  
With them innumerable. DA. certainly.

Once more I'll ask who hath Felicity.

Are Poets happy ? PER. No ; they live by Chance,  
Like clever Men, who on the streight Rope Dance ;  
And, by a Nicety their Lives prolong.

So, fav'd his Farms, *Menalcas*, with a Song.

DA. Are Maids of Honour with their Quiet blest'd ?

PER. No ; for, you know, one Rib desires the rest.

DA. Or happy those who by a Master fed ?

PER. They want their dear Companion Rib in Bed.

DA. A Tradesman happy ? PER. No ; his Mis'ry's such,  
He's forc'd to fly, by crediting too much,  
Or lie confin'd in Jayl. His forlorn Spouse  
Turns to a Fountain, and forgets her House :  
By Night, with Tears o'erwhelms his absent Place,  
Raves in her Dreams, and forceth an Embrace.

PER. I'll ask no more. I have your Patience tir'd :  
With these you rule as King, for these admir'd.





On the Absence of a Pious Member  
from CHURCH.

'T WAS wond'rous all! the Church forgot her Voice,  
Nor Hymns, nor Psalms, remember'd to rejoice:  
The sacred Walls continu'd Showers wept,  
And mournful Members, as they sung, they slept.  
One star'd, and stood: another sigh'd, and sat;  
One said half Verse, and One, he knew not what;  
When one said OUR, another said AMEN,  
And, the first Chapter read, read *Psalms* agen:  
Horror, and Anguish, with promiscuous Pains,  
Seiz'd all around, like Fiends confin'd in Chains:  
They lowr'd their Heads, and Arms, like butcher'd Slaves,  
Death in their Jaws, and in their Faces, Graves.  
I sometimes Frost, and then with Sulphur fir'd  
Who seiz'd by Turns, and I, by Turns expir'd:  
So have I seen Convulsions seize the Skies,  
And weep, and then wax pale, to one's Surprise.  
My trembling Lips would fain invite my Tongue,  
To reason why so many Sorrows hung  
On ev'ry Soul; but like young Ravens fail'd,  
When they would fly, and their Wings not prevail'd:  
Flutt'ring from off their Nest, at first, a-foot,  
To flutter Home again, are hard put to't;  
Perching, and flying oft' from Bough, to Bough;  
They fly away: So I, (I know not how)

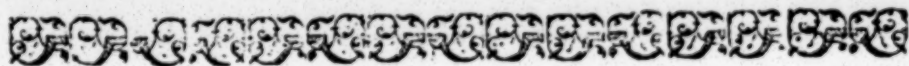
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Thus



Thus Silence broke :—What means Confusion here,  
 Where CHRIST is King, and this his House of Pray'r ?  
 I well remember, that it is a Saying,  
 The Devil's always with the People praying.  
 What then ?—Hath not the Word, that cannot lie,  
 Procur'd, and crown'd the Church with Victory ?  
 Doth *Satan* then rebel ? Can he succeed,  
 Whose Strength is weigh'd, and lighter than a Reed ?  
 This cannot be :—Yet may be :—They portend  
 Hell, Antichrist, and the Creation's End.  
 No :—Plagues, and several Signs shall these fore-run,  
 Opinions have rose up, and Wars are coming on.  
*Elijah* shall come first, whose Business tends  
 'To preach Repentance, make all Nations Friends  
 With GOD and CHRIST.—Alas ! why blind so long :  
 Who hears the Accent of *Amanda's* Tongue ?  
 So Trav'lers, that have lost their Way by Night,  
 Go several Ways, before they find the Right.  
*Amanda* is not here, whose Presence fills  
 Each Pray'r with Pleasure ; but her Absence kills ;  
 So fair a Creature well deserves to wear  
 Such noble Mind ; such only worth our Care :  
 For her, the melancholly Poes lament,  
 As if they'd Sense to know our Discontent.  
 The Winds in hollow, and in whistling Sound,  
 Cry out aloud, She's murder'd, or she's drown'd ;  
 But she may come, tho' late : Come, come along ;  
 And Heav'n and Earth shall listen to your Song.  
 Behold the sudden Change ! How ev'ry Face  
 Puts off all Care, and wonted Joys embrace :  
 By these, she's coming :—Heav'n's guide ! and here she  
 And all in Peace shall now depart their Homes. (comes,  
 As when a Native Peer removes from Town,  
 To rule with Gifts, and Grandeur o'er the Clown,  
 With joyful Shouts, the Hero at his Door,  
 Is stil'd Preserver of their Farms, and Poor :

So not more welcome to the House of Peers  
Comes GEORGE our King, or to the Shepherd's Ears  
The near Approach of their *Britannick* Lord,  
Than is *Ananda* here, whom Heav'n's record.



## The Coiners Executed; a Poem to a Clergyman's remarkable Enterprize.

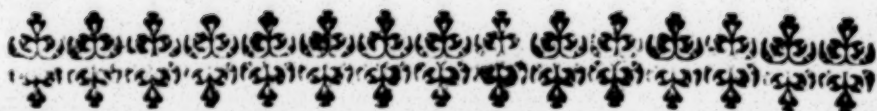
THO' Kings, as human Gods, o'er Mortals reign,  
Tho' they, with Power impartial Laws ordain;  
Vice to suppress, and Virtue to advance;  
Yet Laws themselves have little Influence;  
Some dar'd beyond their awful Bounds to stray  
In a forbidden, and less common Way;  
They dar'd so far, that Counties much did moan  
The countless Evils of the feigned Coin;  
But what oppos'd a gen'ral Overthrow?  
Who seiz'd the Banes? Do you desire to know?  
Why then, I'll tell!—As soon as flying Fame  
To her victorious Darling *Whitford*, came,  
And told th'impending Ruin of the State,  
The Lawless' wicked Aim, and base Deceit;  
What Freedom, they themselves had long allow'd  
In *William's* Name, to feign their Coinage good:  
Heroic Valour fir'd our Hero's Breast,  
And he, when others \* fail'd, withstood the Test.  
He long pursu'd them in the Wind and Rain,  
Long did he seek, but fought as yet in vain;  
Ask'd here, ask'd there! This Way, says one, they're gone;  
They seem'd to make towards *St. C-l-mb* Town:

\* The Clergyman broke open the Door where the Coiners were a-sleep, when the Constables were afraid to break through and venture.

O'er craggy Hills at last the Racer ran,  
 Conveying CARO to his Country's Bane :  
 Safe was he brought, safe were the Banes secur'd ;  
 His \* Loss for Love, He valiantly endur'd :  
 His awful Presence with his Strength conjoin'd,  
 Seiz'd what those counterfeiting Rogues had coin'd.  
 Horrid the Crime ! and Horrid the Intent !  
 Intestine Wars to raise, and Broils foment.  
 'Twas in *October*, when fierce *Boreas* blow'd,  
 And swelling Rains, the Meadows overflow'd.  
 'Twas then, and let that Month recorded be,  
 And tell the Dangers to Posterity :  
 What if revengeful Rogues, the Rogues to save,  
 With rude Assaults had slain our Hero brave ?  
 What if the Rogues, their Fury not allay'd,  
 Had Havock of his ancient Treasures made ;  
 Nor might have this suffic'd, but ev'ly bent  
 They might have slain his armless Innocent :  
 His Worth, his Life, his Darling, and his All  
 Had *Whitford* rather lost, than we to fall ;  
 So firm a Patriot for his Country's Cause,  
 Who'd rather dye himself, than *England's* Laws ;  
 Demands most justly ev'ry *Briton's* Praise,  
 And bids the best of Poets tune their Lays :  
 The best of Poets, *Sir*, can only string  
 That Lyre, on which must future Ages sing :  
 But yet they dare to summon out the Crowds,  
 Who raptur'd with the Deed, alarm the Clouds.  
 Bright silver *Thames* doth softly murmur Praise,  
 And *Cornwall's* glorious Hero far conveys.

† His eager Pursuit for the Good of his Country, was the  
 Death of his famous Mare.





## EPIGRAM on COURAGE.

**T**O move the pow'rful Soul which lives in Man,  
 And rules, tho' Cowards can't the Reason scan,  
 To School the cruel, Rebels to confine,  
 To make our Urn in equal Glory shine  
 With our immortal Souls, courageous be,  
 And imitate this *Rev'rent's* Loyalty :  
 True Courage is the Source of Pedigree.  
 This awes the Mob, and this allays the Storm ;  
 This Death affrights, This doth the Hero warm ;  
 This gains more Praise than *Orpheus'* bold Descent  
 To *Pluto's* gloomy Realms, arm'd *Orpheus* went ;  
 He, arm'd with Musick's softly melting Strains,  
 Which kindle Wars ignoble in our Veins.  
 Loath then all-conquering Charms, and pow'rful Pelt,  
 Be that your Arms, which you've within yourself.

}



ALGEUS



# *ALGEUS and PHILO.*

## A PASTORAL.

### ALGEUS.

**W**HEN bright AURORA warn'd the Swains to rise  
 From pleasing Dreams to Morning Sacrifice  
 In joyful Strains they did their Songs display  
 To haste on DAPHNIS, and the ling'ring Day.  
 Their Accents fill'd the condescending Air,  
 Waken'd the Groves ; in vain awak'd they were ;  
 Unfit for Mirth they ceas'd their vocal Noise,  
 And fail'd in Eccho with their failing Voice ;  
 Behold the Sun hath chas'd the gloomy Night,  
 ('Tho' interposing Clouds obscure his Light)  
 And DAPHNIS is not come ! ———  
 Strange Signs I saw, when lately from the *Downs*  
 I shew'd my tender Kids their peaceful Homes)  
 The Curtains of the Night were drawn in haste,  
 And clos'd the Day. I wonder'd as I past.  
 Strange to be seen, the restless Turtles fled  
 O'er yonder Seat ) there hov'ring drop'd down dead,  
 There lowing Herds have long invok'd in vain  
 Their careful Lord ; but more the troubled Swain.

PHI-

PHILO. Why these sad Breathings, Swain? why pensive  
 No boist'rous Winds disturb your smiling Brooks, (Looks ?  
 No Storms your Corn torment ; no Lightnings blast  
 Your Budding Fruits ; no Cares your Body waste.  
 Beneath this Elmy Shade by murm'ring Streams,  
 Defend your Flocks from *Sol's* approaching Beams,  
 And Cares uncloſe ; to mourn doth me behove ;  
 So joyn in Grief to move the Pow'rs above.  
 Sick and dejected Swains, pale with deſpair,  
 Hear ALGEUS feeble Voice the Cauſe declare.

ALG. Unhappy Day! that brought this ſudden Fate!  
 Which kills the Shepherd, and deſtroys the State!  
 Unhappy Swains, who can't with Eaſe ſurvey  
 Theſe pleaſant Plains, ſince DAPHNIS ſtays away.  
 Alas! for him the ſympathizing World  
 Is into Ruin and Confuſion hurl'd ;  
 Diſſolv'd in Tears, it ſadly weeps our Woe,  
 And bids in Streams our mingl'd Drops to flow.  
 Ye Birds, why abſent who wou'd early ſing  
 Preludiums to our rural Throngs, and bring  
 DAPHNIS along, who preſent, ye gave o'er,  
 And ſat attentive, while ye ponder'd more?  
 The bowing Arbours humbly thank'd his Lyre,  
 And panting Beaſts did ſeemingly expire ;  
 True were his Numbers, ſweet his flowing Rhimes,  
 He was th' applauded *Phœnix* of the Times ;  
 In whom before did ſuch Perfection ſhine,  
 Where ev'ry Grace did with each Virtue join ?  
 E'en when the Faireſt heard our DAPHNIS nam'd,  
 A pleaſing War their boiling Breasts inflam'd,  
 But when they ſaw ; his Preſence gave content,  
 And calm'd whate'er their Ragings did foment.  
 Who now delights the Fair with wond'rous Charms ?  
 What Darling's favour'd now in Nature's Arms ?  
 She favours none, her Love ſhe'll ne'er impart,  
 But fondly doth indulge a bleeding Heart ;

She



She plung'd in Woe, prefs'd with expressleſs Pain,  
 Vows never, never ſo to love again.  
 Can Gods thus partial be our Farms to leave,  
 And, of the beſt of Swains, the Swains bereave ?  
 Leave not your priz'd Delights, 'twas here ye liv'd,  
 Let not thoſe Seats be of the Gods depriv'd.  
 Return with ſpeed, let DAPHNIS too return,  
 Who'd Monthly Incenſe to your Altars burn.  
 We Heav'n's invoke in vain. Our Prayers unheard,  
 Our Hopes, our Happineſs, and all are marr'd.  
 Come mourn, ye Shepherds mourn. Our Joy is o'er,  
 In Country Kingdoms DAPHNIS Reigns no more.  
 In black and mournful Veils for DAPHNIS go,  
 And Tears around his Urn, as Flowers ſtrow.

PH. Great Loſs ! ah weep ! but Tears in vain are ſhed,  
 DAPHNIS the Great, the Good, to Heav'n is fled.  
 Where diſſerent Beauties with them bid him praiſe,  
 And joyn his Voice with his contending Lays.  
 Long ſince theſe meaner Objects he deſpis'd,  
 By which we thought him bleſs'd and eterniz'd.  
 We thought amiſs. But yet what worthier Art  
 Dame Nature had in ſtore, he had a part.  
 Theſe *Algeus* ſing ; I'll ſing the ſight I ſaw,  
 How to the Gods he haſten'd from below.

ALG. O Muſes fair ! O Nymphs of ſacred Groves !  
 (For DAPHNIS Death your Tears and Pity moves)  
 Follow his Hearſe, and veil your Faces o'er,  
 Preventing Shepherds in the loſs ye bore.  
 How oft' did ye to *Sylvan* Shades retire,  
 And ſkipping round, the Lad, and Voice admire ?  
 Ye danc'd in am'rous ſport ; whiſt DAPHNIS ſung ;  
 And Ev'ning Peals of Love ſweet *Venus* rung.  
 But ſee ! how black the riſing Clouds appear,  
 And whiſpering Winds their mournful Habits wear,  
 Let Rivers murmur ever forth his Praiſe,  
 Let ev'ry Bird loud Notes of Sorrow raiſe ;

What daily Transports of immortal Joy  
 We liv'd in once ? This loss doth all destroy.  
 No more will his harmonious Voice delight  
 Our ravish'd Ears ; no more his Charms invite ;  
 Shades please no more ; no more the cooling Breeze ;  
 No more shall we as one indulge our Ease.  
 No more will sportive Virgins grace our Feasts,  
 Nor Songs, nor Dances entertain the Guests.  
 If Swains as us'al shou'd their Sports renew,  
 And lightly touch the Ground as *Fairies* do ;  
 Or, his enchanting Reed cou'd exercise,  
 Which summon'd from their Seats our Deities ;  
 Or, shou'd delicious Meats our Tables dress,  
 Grief must the Heart its proper Place possess.  
 When e'er a Day to Mortals brighter shine ;  
 Dark Scenes of Sorrow will our Hearts confine.  
 And when these Fields neglected long demand  
 The crooked Plow-shear, and the Lab'ours Hand :  
 The smitten Ox will sink beneath the Yoke,  
 And pitying Swains their fruitless Goards revoke ;  
 Complaining Kine will from their Pasture stray,  
 And as they range, drop Pails of Milk away.  
 Safe may ye Kine to unknown Pastures go !  
 For Tyrant Beasts as great a Sorrow know.  
 Safe may ye small Birds, fly your Element !  
 Your hateful Foes to other Climates went  
 To seek their loss ; the loss not finding there ;  
 They gave their Lives to the unwilling Air.  
 Let Cloaths be rent ! let dismal Lamps be burn'd  
 For DAPHNIS ever lov'd ! and ever mourn'd !  
 In slow Procession walk, let doleful Sighs  
 Drawn out from beaten Breasts ascend the Skies.  
 Lo ! Bird and Beast in silent Tears bewail,  
 And follow DAPHNIS to his Funeral Pile.  
 Rocks burst with Grief ; from Mountains Cries we hear ;  
 And ghastly Shapes in Desert Woods appear.

'Th' affrightful *Owls* lament their *ORPHEUS* dead,  
 For *ORPHEUS* on his Harp unrival'd play d.  
 The hungry *Lions* offer'd Prey refuse,  
 And harmless *Lambs* don't rav'nous *Wolves* accuse.  
 The failing *Rose* her fragrant Scents denies,  
 And dying *Philomela* shuts her Eyes.  
 With *Cypress* Boughs see! ye your Windows veil,  
 For *DAPHNIS* Fun'ral Rites shall never fail :  
 With sweet Perfumes his Monument adorn,  
 As doth his Fun'ral with the Year return.  
 Let ev'ry Bark of Tree, and springing Flow'r  
 Wear *DAPHNIS* Name, and tell his dying Hour.  
 Swains watch their Sheep with Pain, and mournful sit,  
 For Tunes of Mirth no more their Cares remit.

PII. Fates suffer no repulse : contented bear  
 The force of Fate ; not so concern'd appear.  
 Another *DAPHNIS* shall your Farms delight,  
 And Shepherdesses to the Meads invite.  
 Tho' far remov'd, yet he more happy sees  
 Your too fond Care, and once delightful Trees.  
 A sunny Brightness thro' his Person shines,  
 Immortal now, he mortal Things resigns.  
 Fixt in his Glory, fixt in firmer Love,  
 He views the whole Creation from above.  
 There blessed Fruits that feel no Storm, nor Wind,  
 Afford most precious Prospects to his Mind.  
 There Sweets at all Times, pleasant, good, and fair,  
 Delightful smell ; Sweets mixt with purer Air,  
 Pleasures perpetual there don't Cloy nor Spoil  
 His ardent Love, nor there do Passions boil.  
 There Silver Boughs do brighter Shades bestow,  
 There Natures richest Treasures ever grow :  
 There gilded Streams with lasting Pleasures run,  
 So *DAPHNIS*' Happiness is just begun.  
 To him the Care of Fields and Flocks commend,  
 To Sheep and Shepherds still no less a Friend.

The



The labour'd Ground shall greater Harvest yield,  
 And Flow'rs and Roses deck round e'ery Field :  
 The restless Ocean know its bounds again,  
 And Nymphs and Fawns trip o'er the Moon-light Plain.



## PHILLY to BILLY.

To the Tune of, *As I was walking London City.*

WHAT, tho' the King of *England, Billy,*  
 With his noble Gentlemen,  
 Through Woods and Forests ride a Hunting,  
 Toiling too and fro agen ;

I'd have you *Billy*, well consider  
 If at any Time Abroad,  
 How you're expos'd to Wind and Weather,  
 Not acquainted with the Road.

Noble Men have noble Spirits,  
 With an armed Body join'd,  
 To withstand opposing Dangers,  
 Or pursue the flying Hind.

There lies lurking in a Corner  
 A Bravado. *T - - - re Grey,*  
 E'er since Morning t' accept any  
 Knight or Lord, that lost his Way.

Perhaps in making Expedition  
 To o'ertake the chafing Hound,  
 You tumble headlong into Ditches,  
 And are dying with the Wound ;

Or else your Head is pull'd asunder  
 'Tween the Branches of a Tree,  
 And instantly (O woful Wonder !)  
 You commence Eternity.

Consider (Love) if these should happen,  
 And you not prepar'd for Death,  
 What could you hope for ? What must I do ?  
 But give up with you my Breath ?

Then



Then let *Philly* once persuade you,  
 (For she would preserve your Life,)  
 Not to go Abroad an Hunting,  
 But to hunt at Home your Wife.



## APOLOGY for the AUTHOR. TO APOLLO.



Wake! 'tis Time, APOLLO! and behold,  
 And help whom you adopt; He dares be bold,  
 And challenge you to rise in his Defence,  
 When Wrongs and Woes restrain his Elo-  
 (quence.

You heard, when most the ancient Bards complain'd,  
 You crown'd their Labours: Now a Bard's disdain'd.  
 'Tis true, fair VENUS wounds; but when she sees  
 Her Lover sick, she pays the Doctor's Fees.  
 Not Bloody MARS denies his Children, Cloaths;  
 Nor Food, nor Money to evince his Foes.  
 Why should APOLLO then neglect the Muse,  
 Or his Assistance to his Sons refuse,  
 And see base Men his Sciences abuse?

By that Almighty Pow'r, who rules Above,  
 Beholds the Gen'rous, and rewards their Love;  
 By him I hope, at last, to gain my Prize:  
 A Good Man never unrewarded dies.

### F I N I S.

#### Errata.

Page 8. line 17. for Surplus read Surplice; and Page 28.  
 last Line but one, for PER. read DA.

July